THE WOOD-LARK;

A CHOICE Collection of New SONGS.

CONTAINING,

1. CONTENT.
2. SPRING, an Ode.
3. HOW DO YOU DO.
4. The SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.
5. The YOUNG MAN'S WISH.
6. The MILLER'S SONG.

TEWKESBURY:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD: Sold also at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and Retale. Likewise, the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of established Reputation, that are advertised in the Weekly Papers.

11621.e.1
10

THE

WOOD-LARK, &c.

CONTENT.

O'ER moorlands and mountains rude barren and bare,
As wearied and wilder'd I ream,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home;
Yellow ſheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on the floor,
Her caſement ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at the door.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits and ſhe cull'd me the beſt;
Whilſt thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt:
I told my ſoft wiſhes, ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me fond ſhepherd I'm thine.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple---tho' ſweet were her charms;

I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms:
Now jocund together we 'tend a few ſheep,
And if on the banks by the ſtream;
Reclin'd on her boſom I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views;
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtills,
And mark out new themes for my muſe:
To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her ſire,
The ſhepherds have nam'd her Content.

SPRING, an ODE,

DECRIPIT winter limpt away,
Now youthful ſpring all trim and gay,
Comes tripping o'er the ſunny plain,
With health and vigour in her train,
She comes, and lo! where e'er ſhe treads,
Soft cowſlips lifts their velvet heads;
With ſnow-drops white, and vi'lets blue,
And flow'rs of every leaf and hue.

Hail! ſmiling ſeaſon, woo'd by thee,
Town has no longer charms for me;
Sated with folly, ſmoak, and noiſe,
I pant for calmer, purer joys,
Lead me ſome rural genius, where,
The wanton, cool, and balmy air;

Freſh breathing from hill, mead and grove,
Inſpires feſtivity, and love.

Thrice happy man, whoſe friendly fate,
Affords a pleaſant country ſeat,
Secure retirement, and defence
From buſineſs and impertinence.
There, he may ſtretch beneath the ſhade,
For eaſe and contemplation made;
And neither ſpy, nor whiſp'rer near,
Enjoy the beauties of the year.

How do you do.

WHEN firſt ſimple Strephon perceiv'd that his heart,
Was touch'd by young Cupid's invincible dart,
Tho' urg'd by his paſſion the nymph to purſue,
His courage cou'd only ſay, *How do you do.*

But finding love's fire to burn very ſtrong,
And hoping her heart would be touch'd e'er 'twas long,
With a bow and a ſmile he began ſtrait to woo,
And ſeizing her hand, cry'd, my dear, *how d'ye do.*

Obſerving this freedom not taken amiſs,
He ventur'd her lips to ſalute with a kiſs,
Then vow'd that ſuch pleaſure before he ne'er knew,
And kiſs'd her again with a---*How do you do.*

Grown bold with ſucceſs he ſoon beg'd of the fair,
To take a walk with him, it matters not where,
When ſome how or other 'tis certainly true,
He tickled her heart with a---*How do you do.*

Well pleas'd with the frolic they every day,
Pass'd their time in repeating their amorous play,
But when he's too faint the soft sport to renew,
She archly will cry out---*Pray how do you do.*

Take the hint all ye youths who now suffer love's smart,
With courage pursue if you'd gain the nymph's heart,
By sighing and whining you'll ne'er bring them too,
Then briskly advance with a---*How do you do.*

The Shepherd's Invitation.

THE new flown birds the shepherds sing,
To welcome in the May;
Come Pastorella now the spring,
Make every lanscape gay,
Wide spreading trees their leafy shade,
O'er half the plain extend,
Or in reflecting fountains play'd,
Their quivering branches bend.

Come taste the season in its prime,
And bless the rising year;
Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
Till thou, my love, appear.
Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
Warm in thy beauty's shine;
When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
And intermix with mine.

For thee of doves a milk-white pair,
In silken bands I hold;
For thee a firstling lambkin fair,
I keep within the fold;

If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkins pleaſe ;
My ſpotleſs heart without deceit,
Be offer'd up with theſe.

The young Man's Wiſh,

FREE from the buſtle, care and ſtrife,
Of this ſhort varigated life,
Oh let me ſpend my days,
In rural ſweetneſs with a friend,
To whom my mind I may unbend,
Nor cenſure heed or praiſe.

Riches bring cares---I aſk not wealth,
Let me enjoy but peace and health,
I envy not the great,
'Tis theſe alone can make me bleſt,
The riches take of eaſt and weſt,
I claim not theſe or ſtate.

Tho' not extravagant nor near,
But thro' the well ſpent chequer'd year,
I'd have enough to live,
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Aſſiſt him in diſtreſs, ne'er lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wiſh to ſweeten life,
A gentle kind good-uatur'd wife,
Young, ſenſible and fair,
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
And ſooth my ev'ry care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I chearfully would ſpend,
With no vain thoughts oppreſt,
If heaven has bliſs for me in ſtore,
O grant me this I aſk no more,
And I am truly bleſt.

The Miller's Song,

NEAR the ſide of a pond at the foot of a hill,
A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill;
Freſh health blooms her ſtrong roſy hue o'er his face,
And honeſty gives e'en to awkerdneſs grace:
Beſlower'd with his meal does he labour and ſing,
And regaling at night he's as bleſt as a king,
After heartily eating he takes a full ſwill,
Of liquor home brew'd to ſucceſs of his mill.

He makes no nice ſcruple of toll for his trade,
For that's an exciſe to his induſtry paid:
His conſcience is free, and his income is clear,
And he values not them of ten thouſand a year,
He's a freehold ſufficient to give him a vote,
At elections he ſcorns to accept of a groat,
He hate's your proud placemen and do what they will,
They ne'er can ſeduce the ſtaunch man of the mill.

On ſunday he talks with the barber and prieſt,
And hope that our ſtateſmen do all for the beſt,
That the Spaniards ſhall ne'er interrupt our free trade,
Nor good britiſh coin be in ſubſidies paid:

He fears the French navy and commerce increaſe,
And wiſhes poor Germany ſtill might have peace,
Tho' Old England he knows may have ſtrength and
have ſkill,
To protect all her manors and ſave his own mill.

With this honeſt hope he goes home to his work,
And if water is ſcanty he takes up his fork;
And over the meadows he ſcatters his hay,
Or with the ſtiff plough turns up furrows of clay,
His harveſt is crown'd with a good Engliſh glee,
That his country may ever be happy and free.
With his hand and his heart to king George does
he fill,
And may all loyal ſouls act the man of the mill.

10 JU 52

F I N I S.